

A Parliamentary Debate, by Dan Buckler

It was at the annual Parliament of Fish that Benny the Brook Trout finally earned his fins.

The gathering of robed and wigged representatives of the fish world was often a sleepy affair (lacustrine policy not lending itself to great drama). Even in years of debate, the Parliament acted defensively, passing laws retreating from those places too dirty or warm or dangerous for fishkind. But this year was different; excitement was in the water.

There in the hold of an ancient shipwreck, Benny spoke.

“Yesterday I swam to where the white-water rumbles, but it rumbled no more. I moved on to find rocks beneath willows, and feasted on caddisflies in the cool shade.”

“The way is open and clean and fertile. Let us build our new nursery there.”

An incredulous murmur grew in the crowd of parliamentarians and public. But Her Excellency Rowena, a sturgeon of many years, and carrier of many votes, lifted her voice.

“Long have my barbels grown in the open waters of this lake. But I too feel it time to return inland, where our grandmothers once roamed.”



Philip Schwarz



Joseph Eichers